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OUT OF WRESTLING**



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BEAT AUSTIN IDOL!"**

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WRESTLING'S
HONEST
RULEBREAKER**



EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Peter
King

Editor-in-Chief

Dusty Rhodes' voice seemed as loud as thunder. "I'm through with Harley Race," Rhodes raged. "No more. I don't care about his title. I don't care about him. I tell ya I'm through wrestling Harley Race!"

An interesting, controversial decision. As everyone knows, Dusty Rhodes has dogged Race's footsteps almost from the instant Race won the NWA belt three years ago. What made Rhodes suddenly throw all his engines into reverse?

"Let the statement stand for itself," Rhodes told me over the phone. "I got nothin' to add. I tell ya I'm through with that egg suckin' dog Harley Race."

Soon after I got off the phone with Rhodes, I decided to call Race and give him the news. I thought he'd be very happy to hear about Rhodes' decision. I thought wrong.

Race paused at least 15 seconds before answering. I thought he had hung up. "Harley, you still there?" I asked. His voice then exploded through the phone lines. "Of course I'm here, you SOB. I'm just thinking."

Finally, his thought process completed, Race spoke softly. "What is that blimp up to? What's he trying to pull? What's he got in mind? He's trying to steal my title, isn't he? This is all a plan to get me off my guard, right?" Race continued like this for nearly a minute. I thought we were playing 20 questions. At last, Race hung up. He sounded like a despondent man.

I called Dusty Rhodes back and told him about my conversation with Race, trying to elicit a comment from him. "So, Race said that?" Rhodes chuckled. "Now ain't that a surprise him thinkin' I'm up to somethin'." With that, the chuckle became a laugh and then a dial tone.

'TOP SECRET'

Behind the Dressing Room Door

by Stu
Saks

THE EMOTIONS SWIRL through Jimmy Valiant's head as they have so often in his past. Nobody knows Jimmy Valiant. Nobody. Reporters, promoters, fans, his brothers don't know him. He's not even sure if he knows himself.

In short, Jimmy Valiant's wrestling career can be summed up by its inconsistency: Rule-breaker. Fan favorite. Rule-breaker. And, once again, fan favorite. Jimmy Valiant is back on the "Most Popular" list, and if that is confusing to you, then it is bewildering to Valiant.

"It's beyond analysis," Valiant said. He chuckled and shook his head. "If I was stable enough to figure out why I've changed so many times, I'd be stable enough not to change."

There is more truth to that statement than humor. When Valiant started his career in Texas, he was not well received by the fans. It didn't bother him, however. "At that point, I was more concerned with winning my matches than winning over the fans," he said. "But after a time, the boos started to really get me down. I thought I was a nice guy and I didn't think I deserved that kind of treatment."

Valiant moved back to his home area, the Northeast, for a fresh beginning. "It was real scary coming the WWF," he said. "There was no guarantee that the fans would be willing to let me have a new start. But they did, and it was fun for a while."

Valiant enjoyed tremendous success, both in the ring and in the hearts of the fans. He formed a tremendously successful tag team with Chief Jay Strongbow which seemed to be in line for a

(Continued on page 48)

Body Slams & Pinfalls

By Dan Shocket

WELL, WHAT DO you know about that? After hearing from hundreds of fans about how the Samoans will never be the tag team champions, lo and behold they're wearing the belts. Isn't that enough to make you think wrestling fans don't know what they're talking about?

I'm not doing this to gloat



Dan Shocket predicted that the Samoans would capture the WWF tag team belts, and they did. He now predicts a long, long reign.

over the fact I'm so much smarter than hundreds of my correspondents. After all, I'm a paid expert and should know more. I'm bringing this up to show these fans that it is stupid to say never about

anything, especially wrestling. It is also stupid to believe in Ivan Putski and Tito Santana.

Once again, that ridiculous pair of fan favorites goes down to inglorious defeat. Putski has never shown the guts to be great. The fans love him because he's just as stupid as they are. It's no coincidence that fans cheer for incompetents, fools, and nice guys who finish last. What hurts is that they draw attention away from wrestlers who deserve it.

Many of you must now be gagging on the insults you wrote me. You must also be gagging on the praise heaped upon Tito Santana. Never has one man done so little to deserve so much admiration. That he ever held the belt is a disgrace to all wrestling. With Ivan Putski, he had to have been half of the least admirable tag team in years. Watching those two flop around like beached whales was sickening.

However, will the fans appreciate the Samoans' genius? Even after their

heroes, Putski and Santana, were humbled and humiliated, the fans refuse to give the Samoans their due. It's sad, though one does expect it.

Still, I keep remembering those letters. On page after page, readers kept telling me how Putski and Santana were the best ever. Their tag team would rule forever. Surely, the conquerors of Putski and Santana deserve great credit. Where are the letters saying so? The fans are silent, or have turned their attention to others. Bob Backlund has never been so popular. He's the last hope of the fans.

Can you imagine having to depend on Bob Backlund as a last hope?

I suppose I shouldn't mind that the fans are depriving themselves of the pleasure of watching the Samoans. If the booing would stop for a little while, fans might learn to appreciate the Samoans' skill, cunning, and daring. Studying the maneuvers devised by their manager, Lou Albano, is the best way

(Continued on page 62)

ON THE ROAD

with
GARY MORGENSTEIN

MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY

MAPLE LEAF GARDEN
TORONTO

MINNEAPOLIS
AUDITORIUM
MINNEAPOLIS

THE SCOPE
NORFOLK

THE SUPERDOME
NEW ORLEANS

MID-SOUTH
COLISEUM
MEMPHIS

THE SPECTRUM
PHILADELPHIA

THE OLYMPIA
LOS ANGELES

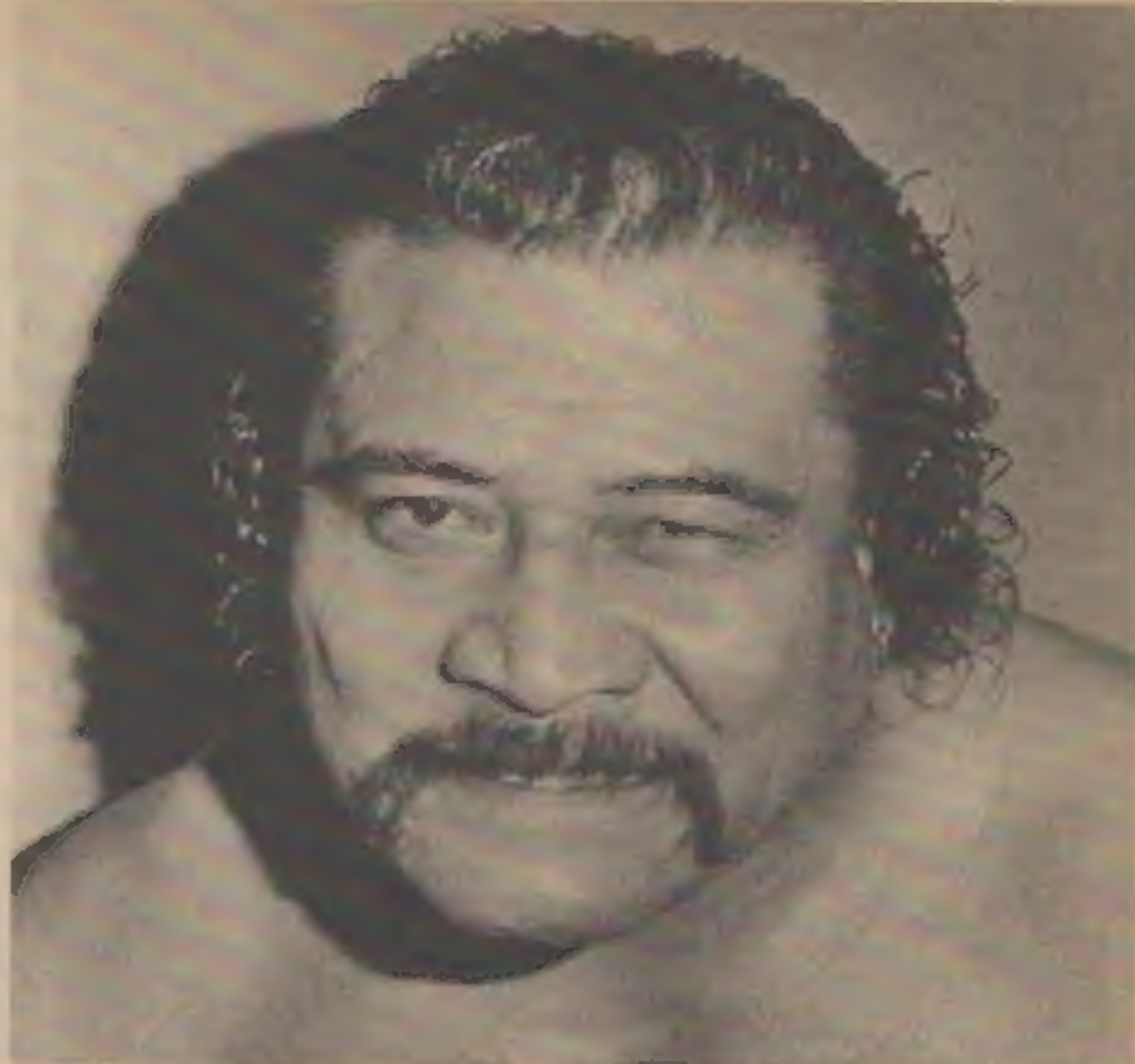
THE KIEL
ST. LOUIS

COBO HALL
DETROIT

THE SUMMIT
HOUSTON

THE OMNI
ATLANTA

MIAMI BEACH
AUDITORIUM
MIAMI



Mystery and controversy accompany the reappearance of High Chief Peter Maivia in the WWF. He returned, he said, to join his "brothers," the Samoans. Their mission is unknown, but one thing is for certain—the combination of the Samoans and Maivia, along with Captain Lou Albano, is awesome.

MY TICKET ARRIVED. I presented the receipt to editor Peter King, expecting full reimbursement. Ah, life is full of disappointments.

"You can't go to New Zealand," Peter said, flinging aside the ticket.

"Why not?"

"Because it's not justified."

"How am I going to find out why Peter Maivia left if I can't research the story?"

"Use the phone."

"I can call New Zealand?"

"No, New York."

A menacing fog envelopes the WWF. Not only is the tag team title in the hands of the barbaric Samoans and the evil manager, Lou Albano. Worse, a brother from the island of Samoa joins them.

Twisted, demented, insane. High Chief Peter Maivia.

"Why should I tell you anything?" shouted Maivia over the phone. "I am here to join my brothers in destroying all the

remaining vestiges of decadent American wrestling. Once our mission is completed, Afa, Sika, and I will control wrestling and restore the sport to its great and honorable position in the world."

Neither Afa nor Sika would speak, assuming they can communicate in a comprehensible tongue. I left six messages on Albano's answering machine, none of which was answered. Into the trenches, or, as my mentor, Matt Brock said, "Dig, bribe, and ye shall find. Or at least look like you're doing something."

Manny the Donut Man yawned a shrugged, ignoring my question. So I bought another jelly donut. Still he wouldn't talk. One more. Eight donuts and six cups of coffee at 10 in the morning is kind of tough on the tummy. Finally Manny, my best source, a man with relatives throughout the wrestling world, gave me the tip.

"Don't say where ya got it from,"

(Continued on page 50)

NAMES MAKI

Two of the most horrible episodes ever perpetrated in professional wrestling took place in two tranquil southern cities:

•In Florida, as **SUPER DESTROYER** was wrestling the popular **MR. FLORIDA**, **SIR OLIVER HUMPERDINK**, Destroyer's manager, appeared at ringside smoking a cigar (Humperdink is a known non-smoker. On airlines he demands to sit in the non-smoking section).



MR. FLORIDA

During the match, Sir Oliver's charger was in big trouble so the manager slipped him the cigar and Super Destroyer burnt the eyes of Mr. Florida!

•In Georgia, **TONY ATLAS** and **KEVIN SULLIVAN** lost the Georgia tag team belts to former champions **IVAN KOLOFF** and **ALEXIS SMIRNOFF** when the Russian's manager ran into the ring and smothered Atlas with a towel that smelled of ether. Atlas went under the effects of the substance and collapsed.



KOLOFF & SMIRNOFF

Investigations are underway on both these incidents (I have been put on the committee to investigate the Humperdink incident). I'll keep you posted. Now on to other news...

MIGHTY IGOR and **THE SHEIK** renewed their multi-year feud in Detroit... **CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW** has his left arm in a cast due to a sneak-attack by **ERNIE LADD**... Rookie referee



BOB SWEETAN

"SCRAPPY" MCGOWEN is being sought after by more and more promoters. Scrappy is respected by all wrestlers for his impartiality in the ring.

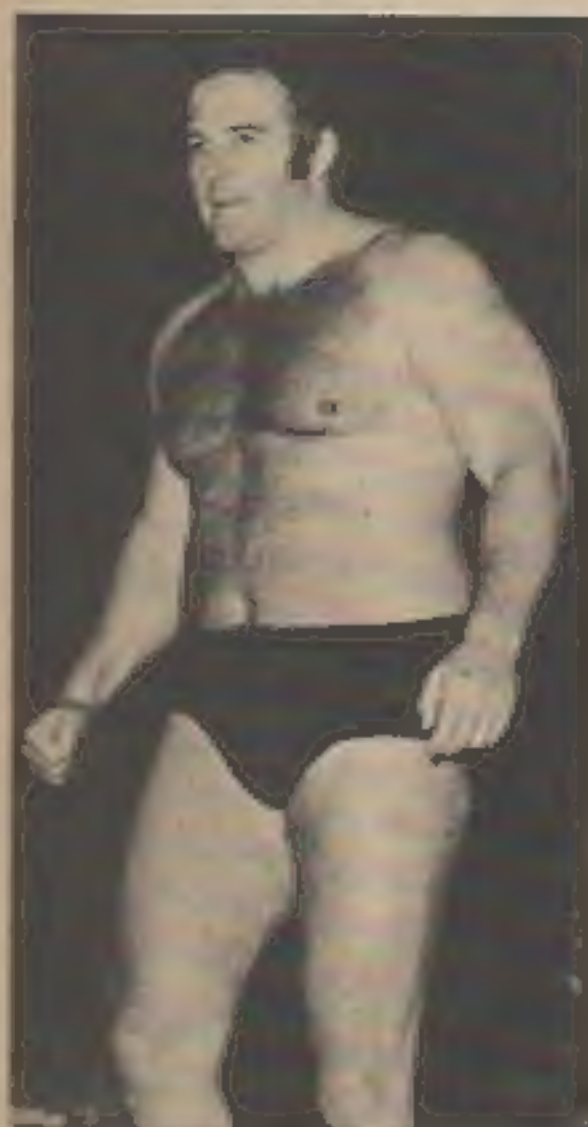
GREG VALENTINE and **RAY STEVENS** say they have given **RICK STEAMBOAT** and **JAY YOUNGBLOOD** too many shots at the NWA tag team title. "No more!" exclaims Valentine. "We're sick of beatin' on them!" adds Stevens... **MIKE DAVIS** is a rookie to keep your eyes on... It will be a wild time when piledriver experts **MIKE SHARPE** and **BRUISER BOB SWEETAN** square off. Both want to end the other's career with the deadly maneuver... **PEDRO MORALES** is climbing the WWF ratings. Whether or not he will get a shot at the WWF title held by **BOB BACKLUND** remains to be seen.



PEDRO MORALES

N' NEWS

Bill Apter
reporting...



MARK LEWIN

HULK HOGAN now calls **LARRY ZBYSZKO** one of his closest friends. "I would love to team up with him," notes the huge Hulk . . . **MR. WRESTLING II** upset NWA champion **HARLEY RACE** in a match non-sanctioned by the NWA. This puts the popular masked man in line for a title shot . . . Dual title holder **KEVIN VON ERICH** (he holds both the American and Missouri titles) calls **KEN PATERA** his toughest test to date. "He's got strength, ability, and everything else that is championship material," says the young champion.

MARK LEWIN has split up with manager **GARY HART**! After months of telling you about rising pressures between these two, the end finally came when Hart slapped Lewin during a recent

argument in a Houston ring. Now Hart is sending his man **GINO HERNANDEZ** out to destroy Lewin, whom Hart calls "an ungrateful slob." Hart claims that it was *he* who made Lewin a star, and now he will see to it that Lewin fades from the limelight—fast!

BRYAN ST. JOHN and **STANLEY LANE** are in charge of the Florida tag team belts once again after a win over **JIM GARVIN** and **JACK BRISCO**. "We lost the belts to those creeps because we went out of tag team training to pursue individual belts," says St. John. "Now we're



CHAVO GUERRERO

the best tag team machine in the world again" . . . **MIL MASCARAS** is back from a successful tour of Japan . . . **CHAVO GUERRERO** is still holding tightly to his Americas championship . . . **BUGSY MCGRAW** and ex-partner **NIKOLAI VOLKOFF** are looking for a promoter to sign a death match between them. There's only



IRON SHEIK

one catch. They claim they want the match to end only when one of them is actually dead in the ring!

TONY GAREA has scrapped plans to enter the WWF at this time . . . **THE DAVIDSON BROTHERS** are holding their own in wild Detroit matches . . . **HUSSEIN ARAB**, the "Iron Sheik," says that U.S. champion **RIC FLAIR** is a disgrace to the United States. He also notes that he plans to win the belt from Flair and take it back to his homeland.

So far nobody has been able to collect the bundle of dough **JERRY BLACKWELL** has offered to anyone who can body-slam him . . . **GREG GAGNE** and **JESSE VENTURA** are involved in a red-hot feud . . . **GARY YOUNG** is looking impressive in Texas outings.

AUSTIN IDOL and his good friend **BARON VON RASCHKE** are no longer good friends. It appears that the two are bitter at one another for various reasons. Look for a feature story soon in one of our magazines.

That's all for now. See you next month! □



Matt Brock's **PLAIN SPEAKING**



STEAMBOAT AND YOUNGBLOOD

NEW YORK, NY: Welcome to the WWF, Rick Steamboat and Jay Youngblood. Sitting at ringside for their debut, I, and other members of the press, felt that sort of tingling excitement you feel at the birth of a new star. Now, Steamboat and Youngblood are accomplished Mid-Atlantic heroes. To the WWF fans, that means as much as a Fred Blassie promise. These two kids are absolutely terrific. They keep themselves in shape. They perform the most ingenious and difficult maneuvers I've seen in a long, long time. What a shame those barbarians Stevens and Valentine swiped the NWA tag team title from these kids. I tell you, they really impressed me, as you might gather. Two incidents didn't please. The way Ken Patera won

the Inter-Continental title disgusted me. In short, the ref didn't see Pat Patterson's foot on the ropes while Patera pinned him. Of course, the referee caught Patera's foot in an attempted Patterson pin. And the cowardly actions of Larry Zbyszko. I understand why Larry challenged Bruno Sammartino. But hell, Larry, fight like a man. Cut this running out of the ring, this whining garbage, all the cheap stunts lesser talents succumb to. You're better than that. Or so we once thought.

TAMPA, FL: "USA, USA, USA." They shouted for our Olympic hockey team in Lake Placid. Now they shout for another formidable American institution, Buggy McGraw. First time I heard McGraw I thought: brain damage. Then I cut through the lolling eyes, scraggly beard and elliptical phrases to understand, I mean, really understand what this guy was talking about. He's full of national pride. He loves this country. Yet his thought processes, his brain, whatever, doesn't seem to operate on the same level as most people. He says a lot of things, few of which make sense. Still, you must listen closely to the catch-words. McGraw has a spacey sort of genius rare in wrestling. I thought dudes like that perished in Haight-Ashbury a dozen years ago.

ATLANTA, GA: I've written this sort of piece many times. Spend an hour sitting before the battered typewriter, putting my battered brain into third gear so I can understand why a good-looking, talented kid goes bad. Before I turn into Father Flanagan, let me say who I'm talking about. Blond, big, strong, tough, talented Austin Idol. Tried asking Idol. Hung up. Went over to the arena. Screamed, ranted, raved, hell, who needs that? Guy doesn't want to talk to me, in effect, the public, the hell with him. I'll talk *about* him, that's all. Wonder if more than ambition is at issue. Okay, some people take the high road, I'll

Harder than nails, veteran wrestling reporter Matt Brock has logged more miles covering wrestling than any other journalist. Every month Matt will travel to the sport's hotbeds, reporting everything he sees without fear or favor



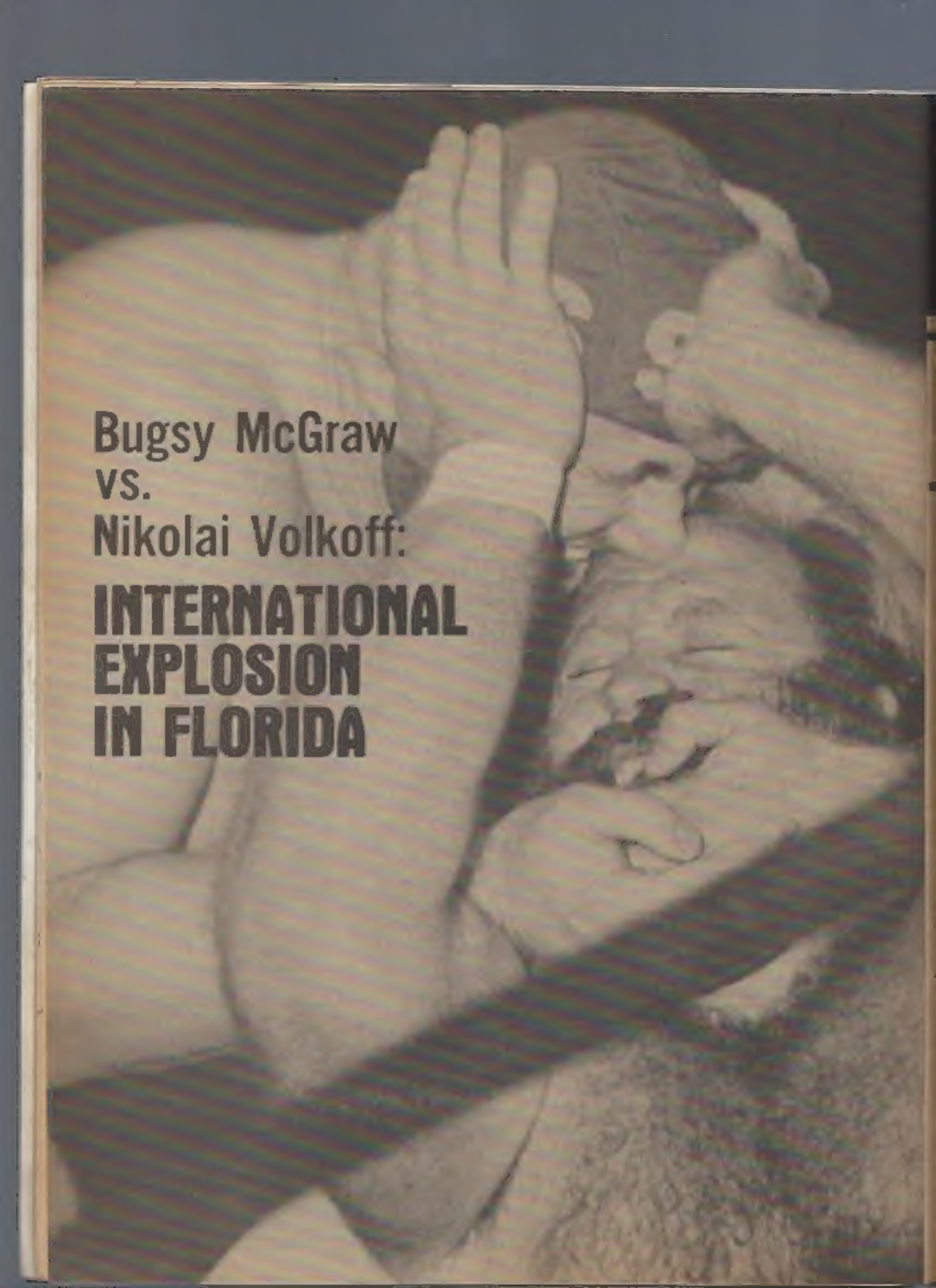
BUGSY McGRAW



AUSTIN IDOL

take the low road. Could it be due to an unhappy childhood? A twisted role model? Or is Idol simply a sick turkey? I honestly don't know. All I can say is I'm getting tired of writing these kind of articles. A complete waste of talent. Substitute Idol for Patera for Rivera for Maivia for Jones for . . . who's next?

LINCOLN, NEB: No wrestling here. But I spent two days trying to get another connection. This is what happened. Had a stopover in Lincoln en route to Denver, where I was supposed to interview Super Destroyer II. I asked the bimbo stewardess if I had a few minutes to pick up the paper in the airport. She said yes. Next thing I know, the plane is taxiing down the runway, sans Brock. At this moment, some Rocky Mountain space cadet is rummaging through my suitcase while I try to find a decent slice of pizza. So you thought this job was all fun and games, huh? □



Bugsy McGraw
VS.

Nikolai Volkoff:

**INTERNATIONAL
EXPLOSION
IN FLORIDA**

America's leading guardian meets the invader from the East. Buggy McGraw, self-appointed patriot, will not allow Nikolai Volkoff to destroy Florida wrestling. Whatever the cost. McGraw is the last barrier to total domination of wrestling by Volkoff.

THE LAST BARRIER TO TOTAL DOMINATION OF WRESTLING BY VOLKOFF

BULGING EYES SWEEP the darkening horizon. Wind whips off the rolling Atlantic Ocean, kicking tiny tornados of sand over the bare feet of the motionless figure. Back stiffens, eyes narrow, feet spread slightly apart as Buggy McGraw tenders a final salute to the day. His evening of violent vigil begins the moment he returns to civilization.

Not yet. This bizarrely complex man savors the fall of day, the start of evening. He cannot tear himself from the spray of salt water nor the cool refreshment of sand beneath his huge feet. The scene calms this violent man, offers a brief respite from the demanding task he confronts every night.

For a brief moment, Buggy McGraw ignores the awesome responsibilities handed him. For the moment it takes the wind to buffet his frame, McGraw stands serene.

He nods to the water, whirls and trudges along the beach toward his car, a 1972 gray Ford. As he reaches the auto, his hands fling outward, eyes close and mouth opens in a torrential roar of primitive defiance. McGraw returns to his civilization.

The name of the menace is Nikolai Volkoff. No man in recent memory has aroused the public ire like Volkoff. Disdainful, smug, brutal, vicious, Volkoff's sole purpose in life is destruction of Florida wrestling.

McGraw started the car, hands loose upon the steering wheel. He had no radio. In a fit of rage several months ago, McGraw ripped the AM-FM radio out of the dashboard and flung it on the side of the road. That was before.

Easily, McGraw drove along the highway leading into town. At each passing mile, the hands tightened, the eyes opened, the lips pulled apart. Spit dribbled down his chin.



It was a matchup that stretched far beyond mere man to man combat. It was two men whose deals are at the extremes and who want very badly to destroy each other. Volkoff and McGraw trade advantages, above and below.

Open road, hitting 70. Eighty. Ninety. No police bother McGraw. They understand. They too, want Volkoff stopped.

Country air grows thick with city soot. Metropolitan lights supplant star light. McGraw growls, knuckles whitten, left foot twitches off the clutch, head lolls from side to side.

Down the main artery and through two yellow lights. A green. A red. A motorcycle cop at the corner recognizes the figure behind the wheel of the beat-up Ford. He smiles. Another who wants Volkoff stopped.

From either side of the wide



intersection, police sirens wail. McGraw's passenger stiffens. Bugsy displays no reaction as the police escort him to the player's entrance. Wordlessly, McGraw marches through the door. Fans thrust pads and pencils at him. He does not react. He is suffused with total purpose.

Smoke and cheers swirl about McGraw once inside the arena. He cannot afford acknowledgement. All his vast energies focus upon the murderous figure strutting about the ring, his red-haired manager close behind.

Something inhuman sithers out of McGraw's throat. Fans at ringside blanch. It is a sound distinctly prehistoric, perhaps prehuman, perhaps beyond Earth itself. McGraw enters the squared circle, no longer a member of this species known as Man.

Volkoff cannot fathom his opponent. He perceives the outward physical characteristic and believes this will be just another match, another night, another bloody episode. Volkoff cannot possibly comprehend the sort of vengeance McGraw feels, the guilt at once teaming with Volkoff, the resentment at Volkoff's anti-Americanism.

No. Nikolai Volkoff cannot understand why McGraw seizes the lone guardian's mantle left in Florida and assumes the position as barrier against Volkoff's barbaric assaults. Volkoff can never understand why Bugsy McGraw must destroy this peril or suffer a similar fate.

The match ends with McGraw gaining a disqualification victory. Unfortunately, that is not enough. Volkoff left the arena. In his mind McGraw failed. Later that evening, McGraw returned to the beach, swallowed by the darkness, the sand, the gentle wind and the distant rumbling of the ocean.

Alone, to ponder his future. □

THE INSIDER

By STEVEN FARHOOD

SCOOP OF THE MONTH

In Duluth, Minnesota, AWA rulebreaking strongman Jesse Ventura accomplished a feat of strength so amazing that those watching still can't believe it!

At a street fair in Duluth, Ventura met the famous Lockridge twins Jethro and Chester. They are big boys. Jethro weighs 565 ("605 with clothes on," he boasts). Chester tickles the scales at 610 ("Can't turn down red icorice," he explains).

In a spur-of-the-moment publicity stunt, Ventura told Jethro to place both hands round the wrestler's left bicep. Then he told Chester to place both hands around his right bicep. Ventura lifted his arms from his sides, flexed his muscles, and lifted the Lockridge twins a foot into the air.

They looked like two Goodyear blimps about to make a crash-landing, commented one observer.

After holding up the Lockridges for about three seconds, Ventura let go. Each Lockridge fell to the ground. Women, children, and household pets ran for cover. Jethro and Chester looked at Ventura in amazement. Ventura simply smiled.

"It's was no big deal," said Ventura. "I've done things like that all my life. When I was younger, I used to work for the



Jesse Ventura is quickly establishing himself as one of the strongest men in professional wrestling. Two hefty boys in Duluth are convinced of it, but Ventura will not be satisfied until AWA champion Nick Bockwinkel finds out.

demolition crew of a construction company. They never used dynamite. If a building had to be knocked down, they just pointed me in the right direction, and I smashed it into small pieces.

Perhaps the most surprised observer at the street fair was Bertha Lockridge, the mother of Jethro and Chester. Bertha is no Twiggy herself. At 6-1, 440 pounds, she makes for a pretty mean roadblock.

I still can't believe what that

ox to my little boys," she said. "I feel sorry for all those wrestlers who have to fight that Jesse boy. He could probably throw 'em into the cheap seats whenever he wanted to. I guess Jethro and Ghester are gonna have to start eating more. Ain't no way that Ventura will ever do a thing like that again."

Last we heard from Momma Lockridge, she was cooking a pot of stew. That was two weeks ago. She's still adding meat.

Continued on page 58

HOTSEAT

MR. WRESTLING II: "I'LL RETIRE IF I DON'T BEAT AUSTIN IDOL!"

FEW WRESTLERS RECEIVE the warmth and accolades heaped upon this kind, masked man. For years he has thrilled fans across the nation with his tough, yet tender brand of grappling. No foe frightens him. No prospective match intimidates him. He takes on all competition, all challenges, regardless of the price it exacts upon his own career. Unlike others who mouth off, this man truly believes in his principles and dares support those morals with action. He is the recent recipient of the Champion of Champions Cup. His name is Mr. Wrestling II.

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED
BY MATT BROCK

Q: II, how are you?

A: Good, good, Matt. how's things?

Q: Not bad, can't complain. Hear you've been having some trouble down in Georgia.

A: Ah, you know the bums.

Q: Which one?

“

I don't understand some fans. How anyone can root for a bum like Idol escapes me. Bums like Idol should be banned.

”

A: (Chuckles) Take your pick.

Q: How about Austin Idol?

A: Cheap little punk. I'm sick of those pretty boys who think combing your hair right and having females and

somehow makes you a good wrestler. Doesn't work that way. Takes a little character, little class.

Q: Which he doesn't have?

A: Nope.

Q: Come on, II, how do you account for his popularity?

A: I really can't, Matt. I don't understand some fans. How anyone can root for a bum like Idol escapes me. Bums like Idol should be banned. They disgrace the sport. They set a bad example. Yet some fans, and I respect their opinions, love the guy. Can't understand it.

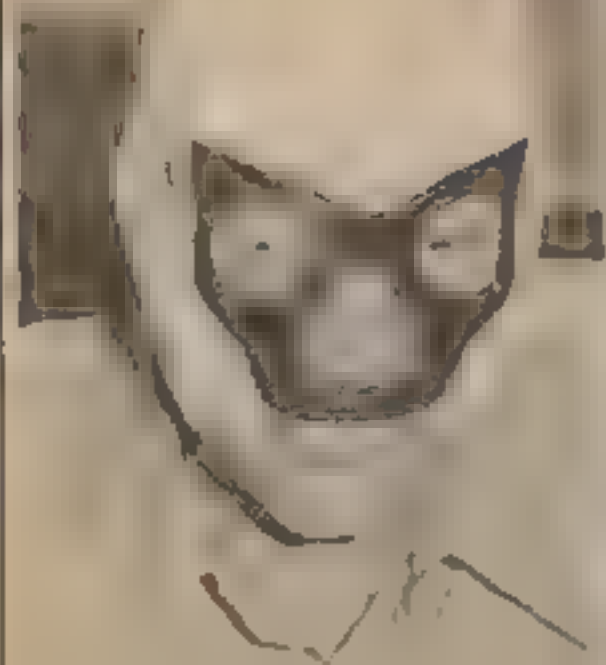
Q: A young friend of yours has a score to settle with Idol.

A: Tommy Rich?

Q: Yup.

A: Tommy's a fine lad, really. I showed him a few pointers.





“

I'll take care of him, putting a bounty on my head, cheating me out of the belt. I'll tell ya, I'll pulverize him, I'll wipe the floor with him. He's gonna be taught a lesson. I'm going to cripple Harley Race.

”

along the way. Plus he's a good learner. Right off the bat, you can tell if a kid's willing to learn. If he's a good listener, has talent, guts, some smarts, well, in this sport, the sky's the limit for anyone with those qualities.

Q: You look at Idol and Rich and it's like seeing two sides of the person, the extremes of good and evil. Why would two guys, both young, strong, talented, take two such different paths?

A: Ambition. Rich knows he can make it to the top by wrestling cleanly. Idol's way is the evil way. Besides, going back to what I was saying about role



Mr. Wrestling II has vowed to terminate his own career if he cannot beat Austin Idol (above). He is presented with a trophy recognizing him as "Champion of Champions" (below)



models. Idol looks up to similar animals and respects them.

Q: I have a feeling I know who you're talking about.

A: Our distinguished champion.

Q: The lovely and talented

A: Harley Race [makes a disgusted face] God, how I hate him. He represents everything I hate about rulebreakers. Matt, I know this sounds very harsh and I'm kinda ashamed to admit it, but

Q: Go ahead.

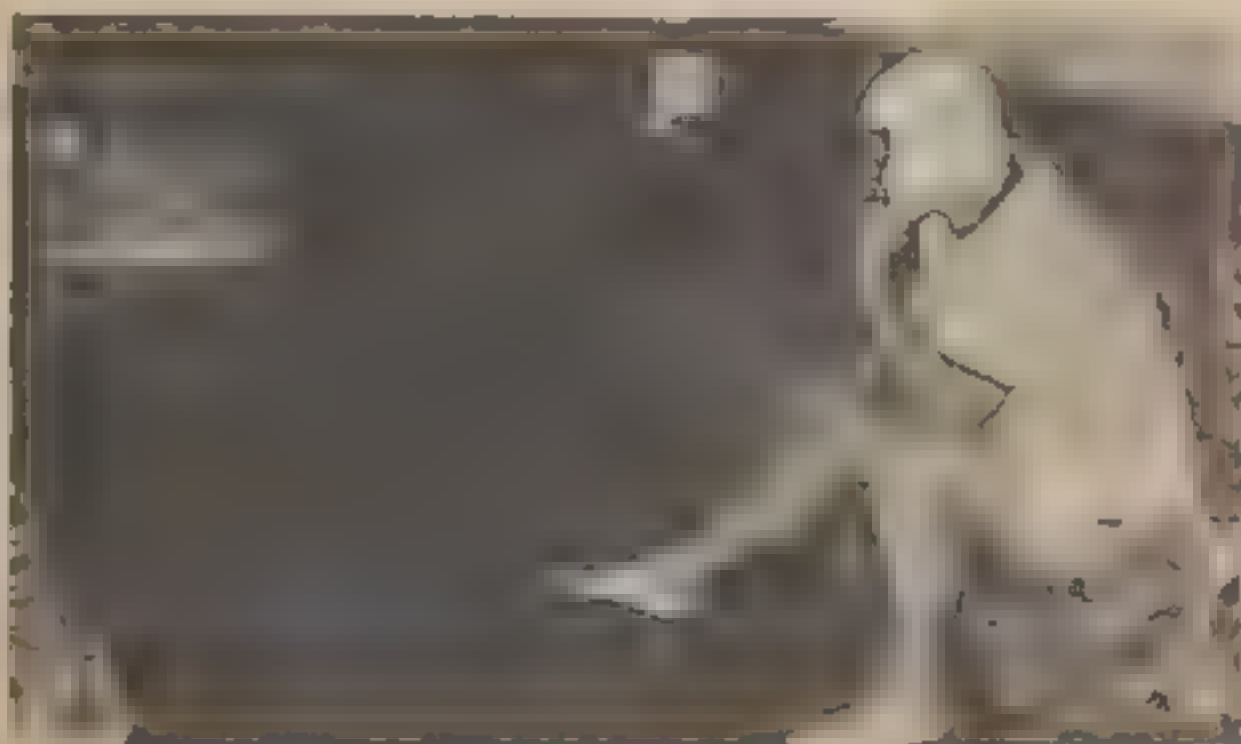
A: Well, that bum has gone one step too far. He's crossed that line, no return. I'll take care of him, putting a bounty on my head, cheating me out of the belt. I tell ya, I'll pulverize him, I'll wipe the floor with him. He's gotta be taught a lesson. I'm going to cripple Harley Race.

Q: You say he cheated you out of the NWA title?

A: You better believe it, Matt. I had the title all wrapped up and that creep wriggled free



Wrestling I is always prepared physically and mentally for his matches. (I work out with weights at his home above and studied videotapes of one of his matches below)



on a cheating sort of move. That's all Race can do. He's got no talent, a quarter of a brain, and a face that'd stop a shark from attacking a dead cow. About the only good thing I can think of about Race is his tattoos. But you call that a champion?

Q. But you haven't signed a rematch yet?

A. No, he's afraid.

Q. He just won't sign.

A. No. My people have called him, offered any sort of deal they want. Hell, I'll take a smaller cut just to get another shot. But Race keeps insisting he has other commitments. That's a lot of bunk. Race

tears me and with good reason. He knows I'll pound him into the ground and send him to the moon.

Q. Race has put up quite a steep bounty. Ten grand lures all kinds of people.

A. And that's what's so sad. I'm not afraid of anyone. I think my record speaks for itself on that matter. I have never turned down a bout or run away from a fight. But this sort of bounty garbage doesn't belong in wrestling. If you got a beef, settle it like a man. One on one. Don't pay someone to do your dirty work. What kind of garbage is that?



“

I'd like to clean up Georgia once and for all. Get rid of the Russians, drive Idol the heck outta here, make Georgia a good place for clean, scientific wrestlers.

”

Q. You've accomplished a great deal in wrestling. If what new horizons do you strive towards?

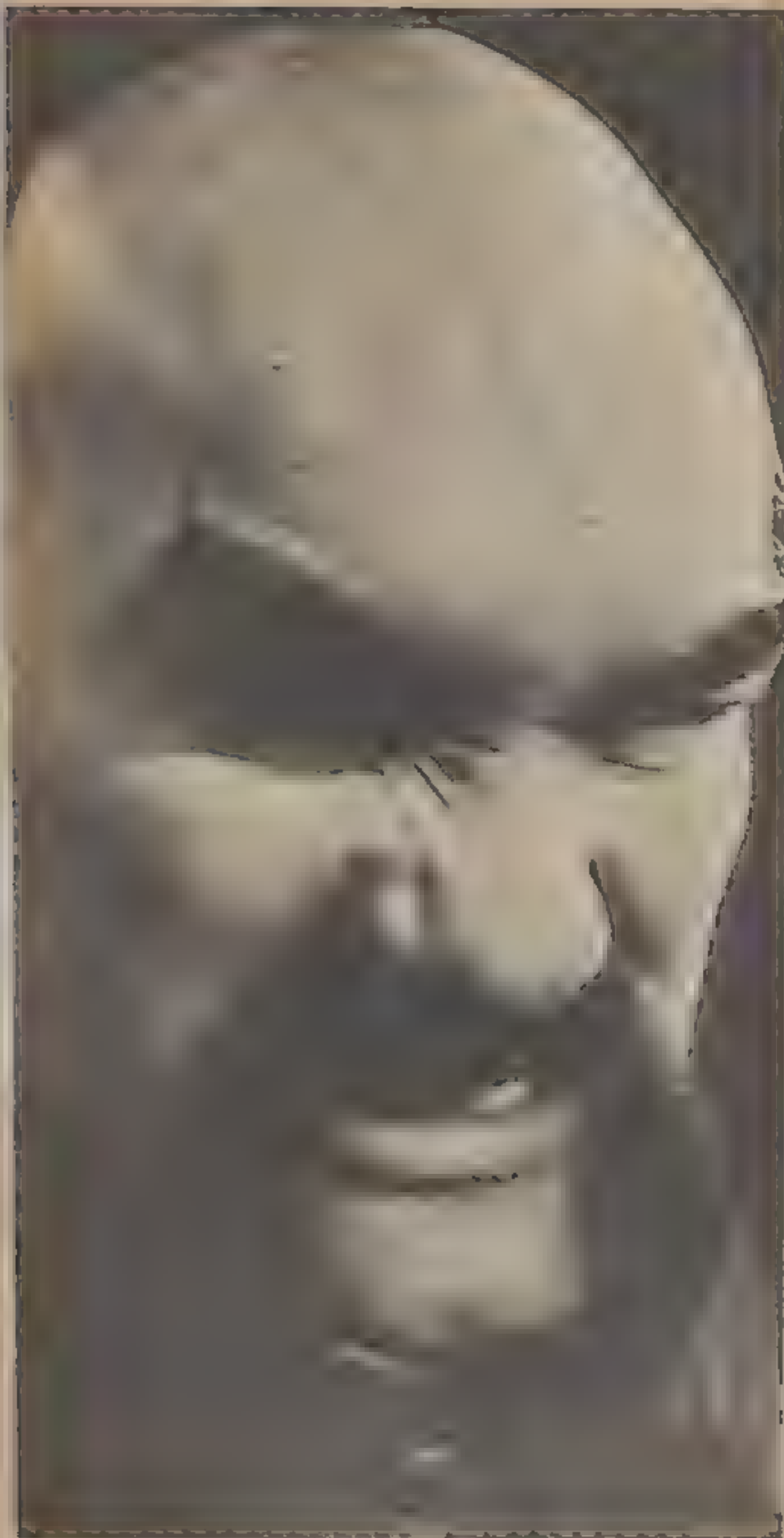
A. I'd like to win the NWA title, assuming Race has the nerve to wrestle me. But more than my own career goals, I'd like to clean up Georgia once and for all. Get rid of the Russians, drive Idol the heck outta here, make Georgia a good place for clean, scientific wrestlers.

Q. Honestly, can you achieve such a goal?

A. Matt, I really don't know. All I can do is give it my very best shot.

Q. It's always a pleasure.

A. Same here, Matt. □



OX

BAKER:

Ox Baker knows one way to wrestle and one way to live: the rough way. He doesn't bother with fancy labels. He doesn't respect wrestlers who change their style. He likes to brawl. And he hates Blackjack Mulligan

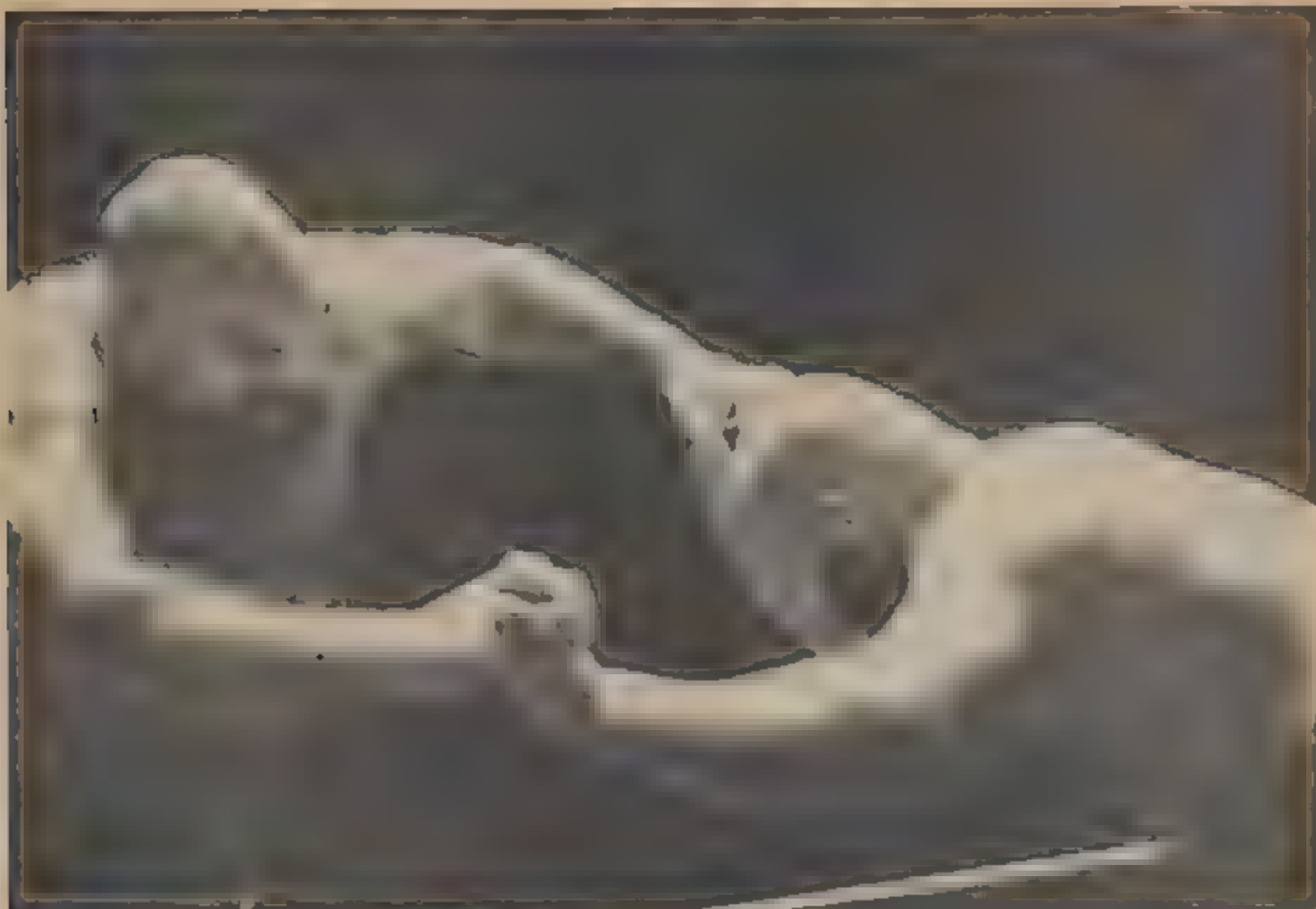
PHOTOS BY GREG McDANIEL

WREST RULES

FLOWERY PHRASES SLIDE off Ox Baker's huge frame. No cute little words nor clever little concepts. Straight, tough, blunt. These are the words to describe Baker. And one more—angry.

"I don't fool around 'cause I a n't got the patience or temper to do it," said Baker, his voice deep, almost overwhelming. "I'm an honest wrestler. I am what I am and don't make no bones about it."

"These guys like Blackjack Mulligan make the milk in my gut turn to yogurt," snapped Baker. "First they wrestle tough, hard, mean, throw guys outta the ring and stomp on a face, fun things like that."



MULLIGAN'S HONEST BREAKER

Ox Baker is a rough-housing rulebreaker and he makes no attempt to hide the fact. Above: Baker locks in a test of strength with Bugsy McGraw. Below: The Ox cuts off Jimmy Snuka's air supply.

"Next week, day, hour, what have you, the nut's a nice guy. respect to this, don't look to break an arm if that's what happens by, all that sort of bullfeathers which makes me sick.

"You wrestle one way, that's the way you are. What kind of bunk does Mulligan sell on the street about changin' his heart or mind. Come off this bunk," snarled Baker. "Unless you get some kinda emotional trauma or somethin' sly like that, you ain't gonna change. These hoogans change for one reason only. The green stuff, jack.

"So don't let that joker Mulligan get away givin' me or you any of

that bunk. If that bum thinks he's gonna get away with that brand of applesauce in this match, well, he better count his feathers 'cause I'm gonna pluck his eyebrows out, one hair after the other."

Of course, Mulligan has a ready reply to Baker's loud, vociferous charges.

"Baker hates me. Just because he can't grow hair on his head, he takes out frustrations on the rest of the world," said Mulligan. "Baker's a stiff who can't relate to people and doesn't know the first or last thing about wrestling."

"If someone is trying to do something good for the world,

(Continued on page 54)





**LARRY ZBYSZKO'S
FOOLPROOF PLOT
TO DRIVE BRUNO
OUT OF WRESTLING**



The war between Bruno Sammartino and Larry Zbyszko scales new, frightening dimensions. Apparently, Zbyszko has surrendered the notion of single-handedly driving Sammartino from wrestling. Instead, Zbyszko hatched a devious plan of such brutal cunning that many feel it will succeed

LARRY ZBYSZKO SHRUGGED, shook his head and whirled away from Bruno Sammartino, whose mouth dropped and eyes bulged. Amid a chorus of shrieks and boos from the capacity crowd at Madison Square Garden, Zbyszko climbed through the ropes down the aisle and toward the dressing room.

"Forget it, no, forget the whole thing," Zbyszko muttered, throwing off his boots, kicking them across the room and leaping into the shower. He

stayed for a solid 20 minutes the crackling sound of water and Zbyszko's pained mutters filling the room.

Zbyszko slumped onto a stool, towel draped across his lap, hands twisted in a discomforted ball, eyes roaming the floor rising, dropping, closing, fluttering.

"I must admit I'll never drive Bruno Sammartino out of wrestling," said Zbyszko, shaking his head. "He's great, hell, I'd be pretty thick to say otherwise. I can beat him every

time, but he still has enough to stay in the sport. By myself I'll never accomplish my mission and drive Bruno out of wrestling.

"I can give him an awful beating, but he'll come back time and again. He's a toughie. Anyone who calls Bruno Sammartino a coward is out of his mind," said Zbyszko, standing.

But I've got a good plan, a foolproof plan to drive Sammartino out of the WWF and out of wrestling. Just wait," Zbyszko held out his hand to quell the

(Continued on page 56)

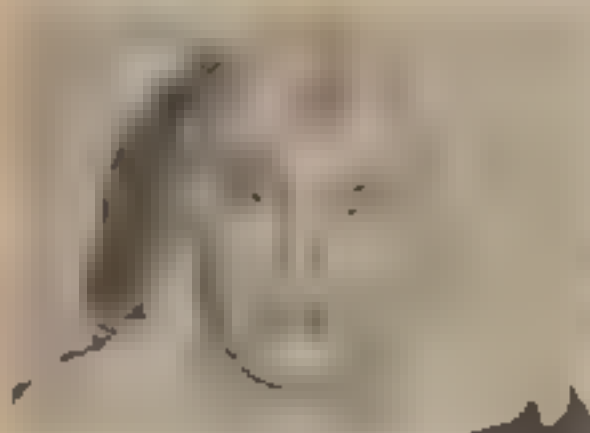
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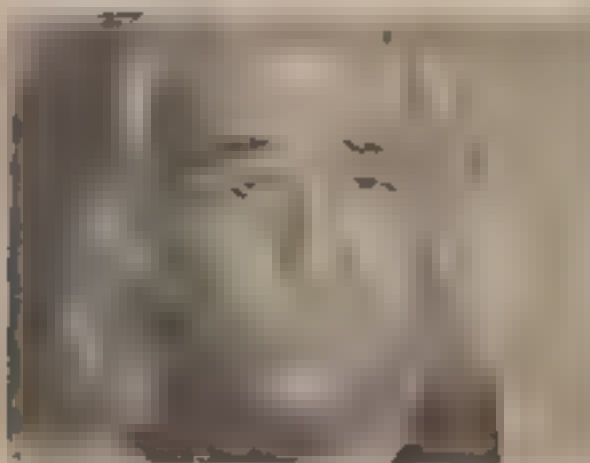
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KNOXVILLE, TN

By Curtis Graham



TOMMY RICH
vs.
AUSTIN IDOL



Wildfire Tommy Rich battled arch-rival Austin Idol in a bruising brawl. The rulebook was thrown out even before the bell sounded. Idol was his usual vicious self but this was to be Rich's night of revenge. Tommy beat Idol to a bloody pulp. Unfortunately, the referee saw Rich go a bit too far in his vengeance and disqualified him. Even though he failed to win the match and Idol's Georgia Heavyweight title, Rich had his revenge. Idol had to be helped back to the dressing room.

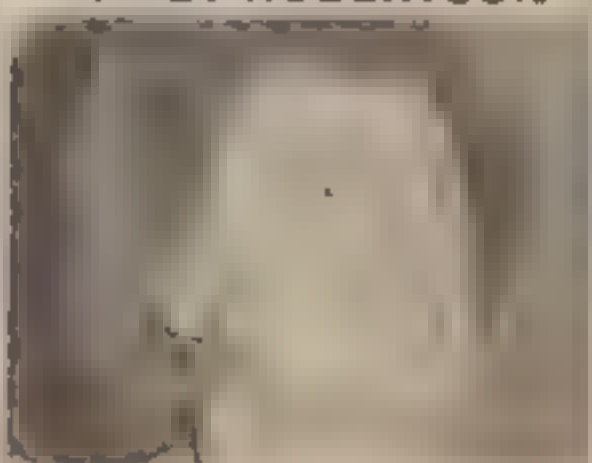
OTHER BOUTS: In a cage match Ole Anderson bested Killer Kox to capture the Southeastern title. Steve Travis and Don Diamond stopped The Manchurians.

TORONTO, CANADA

By Keith Gibbs



HARLEY RACE
vs.
DEWEY ROBERTSON



NWA champion Harley Race returned to the city where he won his title over three years ago to meet Canadian champion Dewey Robertson. These two champs battled the way champions should—rough, tough, but within the rules. Race's suplexes, pile drivers, kneedrops, and headbutts took their toll. For Robertson, the figure-four leglock was the ace in the hole. Race was on the verge of submission when time ran out.

OTHER BOUTS: Andre the Giant flattened Ox Baker. . . Pedro Morales and Klondike Bill edged The Scorpion and The Destroyer.

HUNTINGTON, WV

By Ron Hahn



ANDRE THE GIANT
vs.
THE SHEIK



The main event featured Andre the Giant and The Sheik in a bloody struggle. Early in the bout, The Sheik started cheating. Still, Andre came back. The battle raged beyond the squared circle as every piece of furniture in the arena became a deadly weapon in The Sheik's hands. Andre fought back and both men were eventually counted out.

OTHER BOUTS: Bulldog Don Kent beat Randy Scott. . . Mighty Igor defeated The Assassin. . . Haystack Calhoun won by disqualification over Rick Davidson. . . Big Red drew with John Davidson.

WRESTLING CAPITALS



GREENSBORO, NC

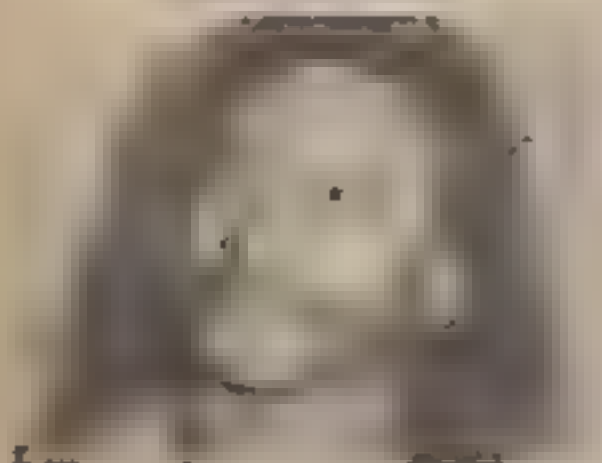
By Eugene Needham



RIC FLAIR

VS.

JIMMY SNUKA



The U.S. heavyweight title was the main event between champion Jimmy Snuka and former champ Ric Flair. Months of frustration spilled into Flair's game as every tough, hard maneuver he knew was used upon Snuka. Manager Gene Anderson rushed to Snuka's side but was banished, leaving this a frenzied struggle between two bitter rivals. After a grueling succession of moves and counter moves, Flair reclaimed his belt.

OTHER BOUTS: Blackjack Mulligan won over Superstar II . . . Jim Brunze won by disqualification over The Iron Sheik . . . Rufus R. Jones and Buzz Sawyer upset Dewey Robertson and Ox Baker.

MINNEAPOLIS, MN

By Jon Bodin



SUPER DESTROYER II

VS.

SUPER DESTROYER III



It was a great and furious battle to determine the strongest Super Destroyer. Super Destroyer Mark II took an early advantage, but Super Destroyer Mark III erased the edge by twisting his foe's mask around so he couldn't see. In his frustration, Mark III ripped off his mask and began beating his opponent. But Bobby Heenan, Mark II's manager, tripped Mark III while the referee wasn't looking. Mark II beat Mark III before he could get up.

OTHER BOUTS: Crusher hated Nick Bockwinkel in a non-title cage match . . . Lord Al Hays toppled Bobby Heenan. Crusher Blackwell pummeled Ron Riche.

PITTSBURGH, PA

By Gerry Delon



BOB BACKLUND

VS.

KEN PATERA



The world's strongest man, Ken Patera, met the All-American boy, WWF champion Bob Backlund. Neither disappointed the fans as the battle dissolved into an outright brawl. Midway through the match, Backlund used brilliant scientific maneuvers to upset Patera. Yet the challenger came charging back and in the end, both men fell out of the ring, where they were counted out. **OTHER BOUTS:** The Samoans annihilated Rene Goulet and Dominic DeNucci. Pat Patterson whipped Baron Scicluna. □



From outside the ring, Nick Bockwinkel tries to halt Crusher's attack on Bobby Heenan (above). Crusher twists Bockwinkel's arm (below). Lord A. Hays shows the world his opinion of Heenan (opposite right).



Lord Al Hays Accuses: "BOBBY HEENAN IS A LITTLE MAN WITH

LIGHTS DIMMED AS a beacon of light barreled toward the white screen against the far wall. On the film, Crusher rushed Bobby Heenan, snared him in a side headlock and tightened the hold until Heenan's eyes threatened to leave his head.

At that point, AWA champion Nick Bockwinkel ran in and kicked Crusher from behind, freeing Heenan. Instead of

Another voice joined the growing din accusing Bobby Heenan of cowardice. This time rival manager Lord Al Hays charges Heenan avoids contact and hides behind AWA champion Bockwinkel. Of course, Heenan rejects such talk with typical coarseness. Yet Heenan cannot quiet the defeaning demand that he wrestle Hays



A BIG MOUTH!"

helping his friend, Heenan ran from the ring, where he sneak-attacked Lord Al Hays

Suddenly the film stopped "Look at him run," rasped Hays "Little coward hasn't the guts to stand and fight. He'd sell anyone down the pipes for a price even his so-called best friend, Bockwinkel

"He I, I could care less about Bockwinkel. He's in the same gutter as Heenan But I don't let

any man get away with the garbage Heenan pulled Bobby Heenan is a little man with a big mouth. I want him in an individual match. If he has the guts."

The film continued without further verbal comment from Hays. However, Hays' raspy breaths and angry grumbles punctuated the whirring of the camera

Lord Al Hays isn't the first

man to question Heenan's courage. Many believe Heenan lacks the guts to tackle a fierce, determined foe in an individual match. Without a waiting ally like Bockwinkel or Super Destroyer II at ringside

"Jackasses, all of them," snorted Hays. "Second-rate wrestlers and third-rate managers need something to talk about, don't they? Surely

Continued



Hays finally given the opportunity to meet Heenan in the ring was very upset that Bobby would not stay in the ring with him. Above: Heenan is thrown by Crusher.

Hays can't go on and on about his accomplishments. That'd take about eight seconds and then what?

'He can run at the mouth all he wants. But I'm getting a little sick and tired of worm-like cretins hurling arrows at my golden armor. This guy never did a damn thing worth talking about in his whole life.

Examine Hays. The guy's ugly and stupid, manages half-wits and dim-wits. Who's got the AWA title? Me and Nicky that's who. Which manager has been acclaimed manager of the generation? Me, that's who. What's Hays ever done except get himself beat up."

'Another thing. I'm tired of lame alibis by guys who can't defend themselves. Hays can't wrestle, isn't that obvious? He can't manage and he can't fight, so when his men, and I use that term loosely, get whipped or his

face turns into a hunk of old meat, he whines.

"Poor baby. Tell Hays if he wants a match, he's gonna have to prove himself. Maybe in 30 years, when he's won a bout or two. Think that gives him enough to s?" Heenan asked, chuckling.

Heenan's ridicule only angers Hays and stiffens his fiery resolve.

"Like I said, a little man, a twerp, with a big mouth," shouted Hays. "Heenan's gotta be the most overrated manager around. Bockwinkel doesn't need Heenan. Anyone with half a brain, which immediately disqualifies Heenan, realizes that Bockwinkel was a better wrestler without Heenan. Besides, what could a twerp teach a champ?"

'Could Heenan show Bockwinkel any maneuvers? Nope. Could Heenan tell Bockwinkel

anything about courage? Nope. And what good is Bobby Heenan? Not one bit, I say. And the sooner the world realizes that, the better the AWA will be."

While not detracting from Hays' sincerity, a suspicion lingers: he's attempting to provoke Heenan into reckless action. If that be Hays' plan, it cannot succeed against a shrewd, warped mind like Heenan's.

'After a while, ants like Hays disappear. They can't hang around because they have no place in nature. Nor can I listen to their incoherent babbling. That'd distract me from my true mission in life, total conquest of all wrestling.

"Nicky and I hover on the verge of immortality. Insects cannot dissuade us from the task at hand. Hays can wait a few decades. Then he'll get his match. Not before." □

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Each day, out of the thousands of letters we receive, hundreds of them are from fans asking the whereabouts of their favorite wrestler. In this special column, we will try to answer the questions you ask the most!



TONY ATLAS

Mr. U.S.A. brings his muscular, agile frame and kindly demeanor to the WWF. Already hated wrestlers like Hulk Hogan and Larry Zbyszko are apprehensive at the prospect of wrestling young Atlas. Few wrestlers have the aerial power of Atlas. Many have felt its wrath.

STEVE TRAVIS

In and out of Atlanta and Knoxville, Travis promises his fans a world title in the near future. Jerry Lawler threatens Travis with destruction while in Georgia. Austin Idol is on record for warning Travis of a bloodbath if he returns to the area. Travis' response? He'll stay in both regions.



JIM BRUNZELL

When Brunzell captured the Mid Atlantic title several months ago, the experts around the area predicted a quick reign and return to the AWA. So far, Brunzell defies the experts as he whips challenger after challenger.

EDOUARD CARPENTIER

Venerable master of the back flip, Carpentier upends opponents in the Montreal area. He sends warmest greetings to all his loyal fans and harsh warnings to foes thinking they can possibly taint his glorious career.



ONE



(The current feud between new Inter-Continental champion Ken Patera and dethroned former champion Pat Patterson raises troubling questions for wrestling. Patterson contends, supported by films, that his foot hooked on the rope while Patera pinned him. However, when Patera's foot draped through the ropes in the midst of a Patterson pin, the referee stopped the maneuver. The referee's claim, simply, rests upon ignorance. He didn't see Patterson's foot. Yet WWF officials have made no move to overturn the title change. After years of claiming official bias against his career, Ken Patera may have succeeded in winning the title of WWF Inter-Continental champion. Patterson and Patera discuss this and other items.)

Every month the telephone wires will crackle as two top grapplers rage and argue. We'll print the unedited transcript of their conversations, giving the fans a privileged glimpse at wrestlers which can be found nowhere else



Picturephones
courtesy of Bell Telephone

KEN PATERA:

Hey, let Patera know tricks

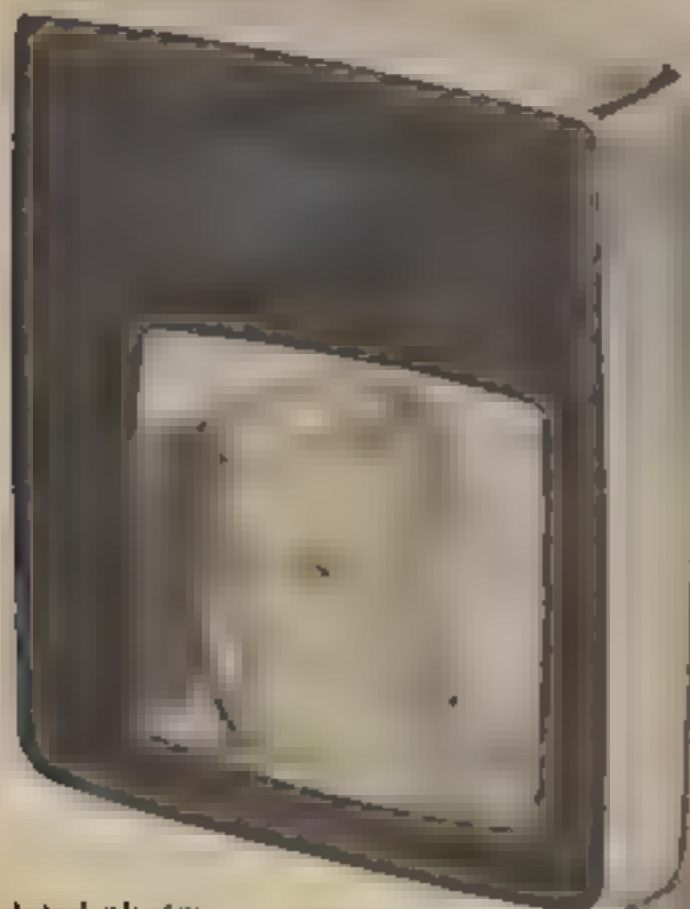
PAT PATTERSON:

Not challenger for long.
creep.

KP: Oh, right, I am so very sorry. PP: You cheated, admit it

I should say former champion. I was champion. Old champion. I still think washed up bum is a better description

NONE



Simulated photos



KP: I admit nothing

PP: My foot was on the rope when you pinned me

KP: So you say

PP: I have the films

KP: Doctored. Wiz and I investigated and learned you had one of your cronies tamper with the films. If I had really pinned you while your foot was on the rope wouldn't the WWF commission have overturned the decision by

now? they're not on my payroll

PP: Nor on mine

KP: Come on, Patterson, you're over the hill. If you didn't pay off refs and officials up and down the line, you'd be wrestling bouncers on a dock bar downtown. Don't give me any of your garbage, Patterson. Try and take defeat like a man, instead of a sniveling dog. I'm



champion, you're not

PP: Not for long

KP: Not for long, not for long. If you say it five times real fast, you'll spin around the room. Words, Patterson. Empty, stupid words. Only action matters in this sport. As the new Inter-Continental champion, I'll be instituting some changes around here.

PP: Legalize cheating?

KP: You pathetic worm. I do not need to cheat because I am the greatest athlete in the world. I could have been an All-Pro football player, an All-Star baseball player, or even the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Instead I chose wrestling. I could do anything I want, including exterminating your ugly, misshapen face from this planet.

PP: You have to give me a rematch

KP: Why?

PP: WWF rules state that

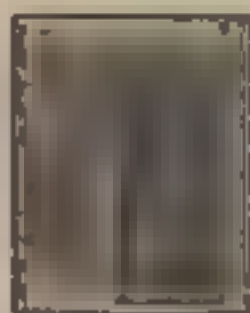
KP: I don't care about rules. I'm

Continued on page 64

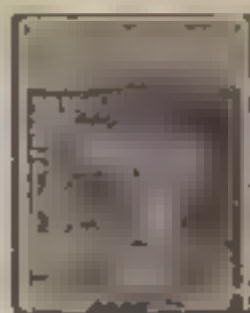
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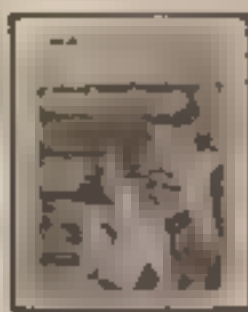
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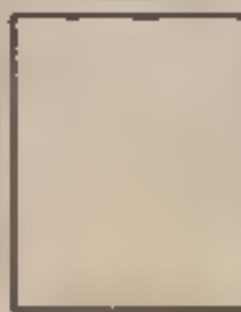
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BEHIND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 8.)



Jimmy Valiant secluded himself from the public for a number of years. He is now often seen amongst his fans in various settings.



crack at the WWF title. But that wasn't enough for Jimmy at the time. He felt that because he and Strongbow formed such a popular tag team, he was being denied a shot at Pedro Morales' WWF championship. Valiant turned on Strongbow, touching off one of the most memorable feuds in the area's history. Needless to say, his popularity diminished quickly. "I hated that Indian," he said. "All the time he told me he wasn't interested in a

title shot with Morales, and all he wanted was the tag team title. But he was told that one of us would get a title match if we won the tag team belts, so he used me. When I found out about his plot, I taught him the lesson of his life."

It was Valiant who came up the real loser. He failed to wrestle the title away from Morales, he lost an opportunity to win the tag team title, and he lost all his fans.

With nothing left to lose, he took a leave from the public scene and went into intensive training with his brother, Johnny. The pair grabbed the WWF tag team belts from Dean Ho and Tony Garea almost immediately and held the title for a year. Jimmy remained a rulebreaker for five years and seemed to enjoy it. "As long as I had my brothers around, I didn't care about no fans."

He was set to be a rulebreaker for the rest of his life and prepared to never hear the fans cheer for him again.

And they didn't, until one night recently when he stepped into a ring in Memphis, Tennessee, against an established area rulebreaker. Valiant was cheered. And with the cheers, an old feeling returned. A feeling he had not experienced in 10 years. The feeling of love and appreciation only the roars of a crowd can bring. "I loved it," Jimmy said. "I was so choked up that I almost lost the match. I want to be liked again. I can stay good. I know I could."

There was doubt in Jimmy Valiant's voice. He knows how nice it is to be loved. But he also knows that the most important thing in his life is his personal success. Valiant is a fan favorite again, and for the moment that serves both his career and his conscience.

For the moment. ☐

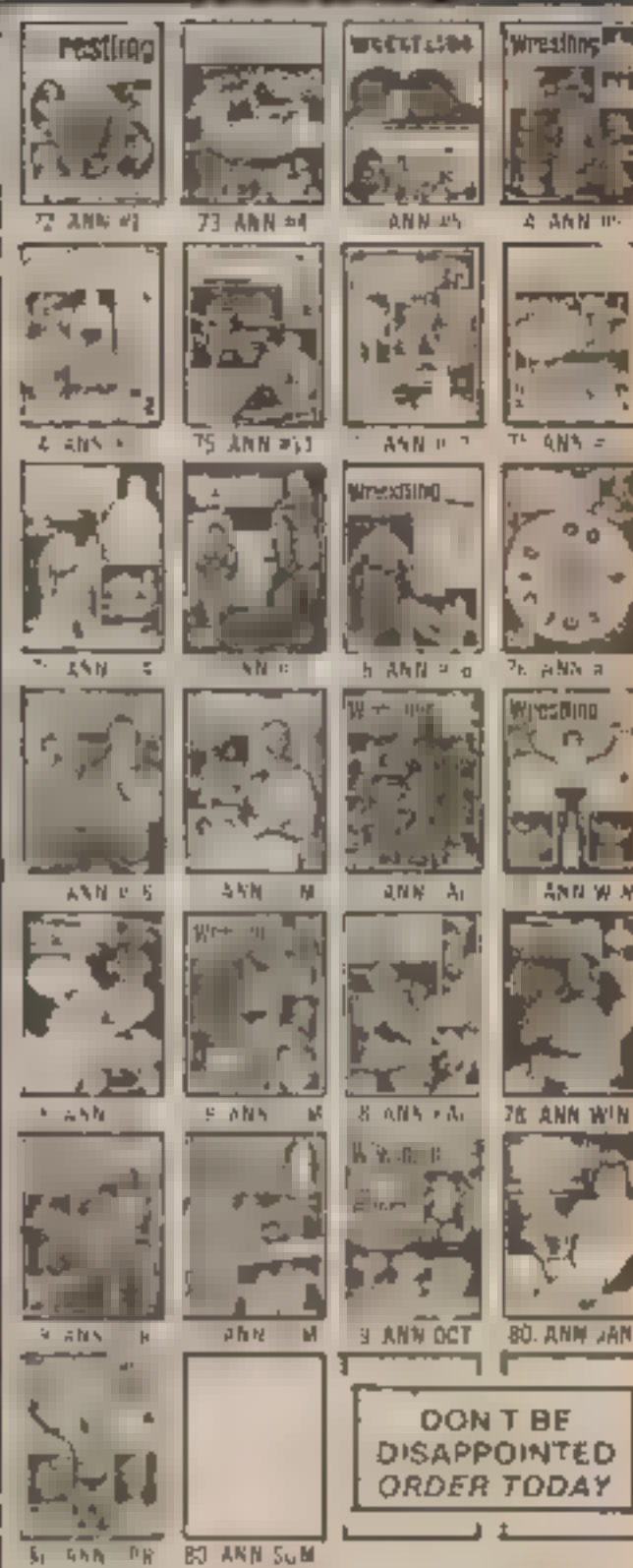
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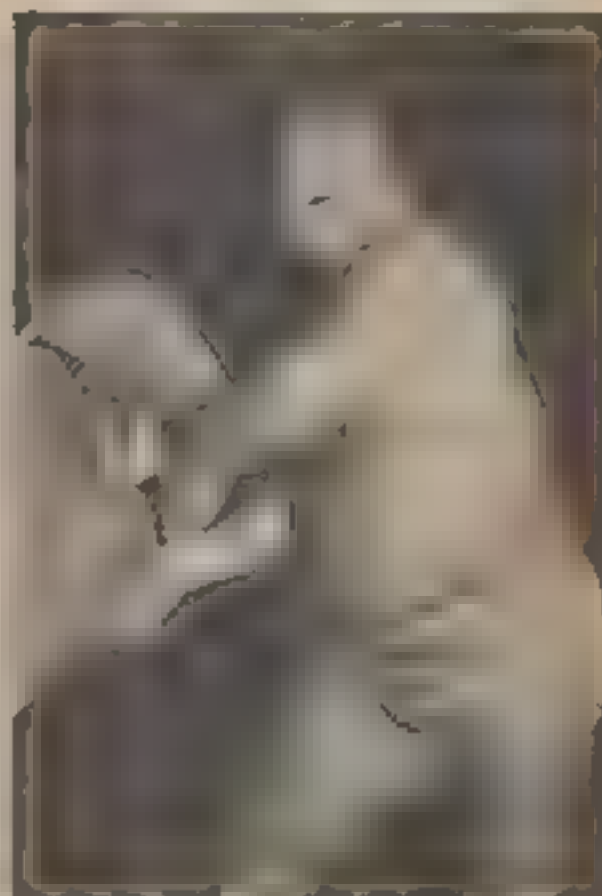
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ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 12)



Peter Maivia, like the Samoans, is unrestricted by the rulebook. If a chair is available, he has no qualms about using it.

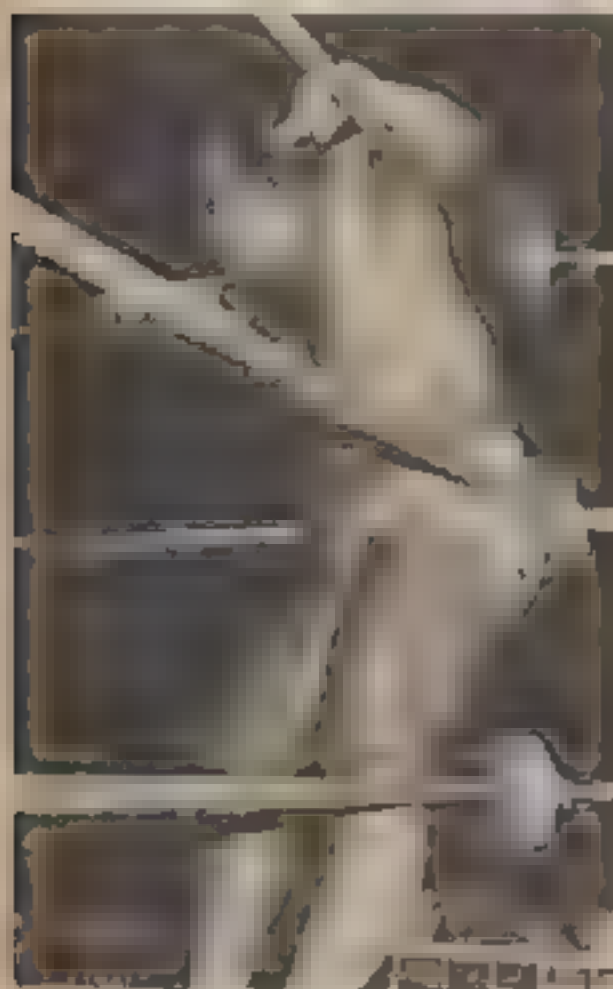
Manny said, pouring powdered sugar on a donut. "I got the word that Maivia is gonna challenge Backlund, okay, them two don't like each other, huh?" I nodded, munched, sipped, wrote. "So the night of the match, Ala or Sika, maybe both, who knows, one of them dirty finks are gonna run in the ring and pull some kinda shenanigan that's gonna lose Backlund the belt."

I paused, stunned by the simplistic logic of this potential plan. Despite Manny's past reliability, I needed some kind of verification.

"Whadva want, Maivia tell ya this? Take it from me. Word's out they're gunnin' for Backlund. Now we'll see what the kid's really made outta." Manny shrugged, poured a coffee with two sugars, gave me another raspberry donut, and turned away.

I wouldn't dream of printing an article without further proof, much as I respect Manny. My copy editor would put my adorable head on a steel spike if I attempted that. Which I wouldn't.

Arnold Skoaland leaned back in the chair, hard blue eyes staring right through me. I didn't blink. Neither did he. An impish grin pulled at his lips, baring white teeth. A bemused chuckle seeped through the thick throat and over the cluttered desk.



Marvia had the extensive tattoo work done as a youngster, which served not only to decorate his body, but also to increase his threshold for pain.

"Where'd you hear that?"

"A source."

"Who?"

"Come on, Arnie, you know I won't say."

"Okay."

"Is it true?"

Skoaland coughed twice.

"You heard similar stories?"

"Yup."

"Are they true?"

"Not sure."

"Are you acting as if they're true?"

"Well," Skoaland rubbed his chin. "Let's say Afa, Sika, and Marvia might be a little surprised if they expect to catch us off guard. And leave it at that."

So the game of high-level chess moves forward. Ingenious minds pitted against brilliant, amoral souls. In the vortex, a young champion determined to keep his beloved belt.

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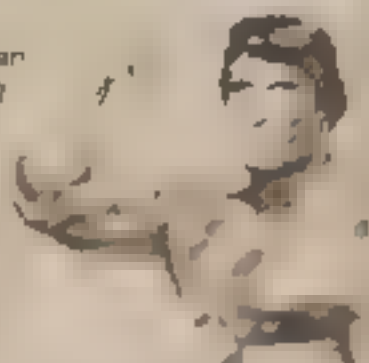
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$$L_{\mathbb{R}}(N) = \{ \langle \sigma, \tau \rangle \mid \sigma \in \mathcal{N}, \tau \in \mathcal{N}, \sigma \leq \tau \}$$

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41. $\frac{1}{2} \ln \left(\frac{1+x}{1-x} \right) = \frac{1}{2} \ln \left(\frac{1+0.05}{1-0.05} \right) \approx 0.05125$

Let α be the angle between the line l and the line l' . Then $\alpha = \frac{\pi}{2}$.

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(Continued from Page 35)



Baker has Blackjack Mulligan exactly where he wants him—hanging helplessly from the ring and obscured from the view of the referee. Baker despises men like Mulligan, who he feels has compromised his ideals to be liked by the fans.

Baker automatically knocks him down. Just the way the guy operated, hell, I've seen his type come and go. Big mouth, yak, yak, all the time."

Baker and Mulligan represent the opposite extremes of wrestling. Ox perceives pro wrestling as somewhat restrained brawling between two men concerned only with the other's destruction. On the other hand, Mulligan wants wrestling to remain a sport, not an organized brawl.

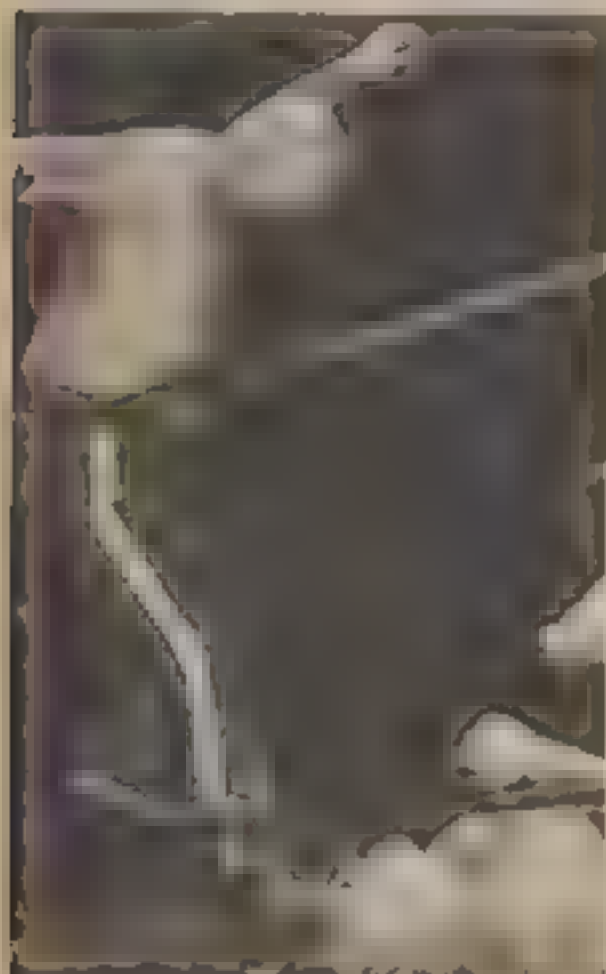
"We're fightin', me and the chump," said Baker. "I don't care none about the niceties, the 'how-do-you-do' garbage and all. What I want is a real fight, a no-holds-barred brawl. That's what wrestling's all about. No foolin' around, no little sweet moves. You take my best, I take your best, guy who's standin' at the end wins the bout."

"You must remember this. The wrestlers aren't the persons involved in this sport. Wrestlers have a certain image to maintain, a kind of dignity which only wrestling possesses.

"Maybe other sports allow their athletes to run amok and bring shame to their sport, but wrestling

shouldn't be like that. We have higher standards to live up to and all wrestlers should consider the fans, the press, the public, how they look at us and how we look at them.

"But a selfish self-centered maniac like Ox Baker can't grasp that. Hell, he's lucky he has the brains to remember his name. Guy's got an empty tube of toothpaste upstairs, that's for sure."



Baker has no preference as to the style of his opponent as he battles The Sheik in Detroit.

Inevitably, a wrestling result must be settled in the ring. Words carry just so much weight. After a certain point, fists are the only judge and jury. This dispute was no exception.





Baker barreled into the ring intent on smashing Mulligan into a million little pieces and scattering his remains throughout the Atlantic Ocean. Despite such provocations, Mulligan maintained his poise and refused to join in the slugfest. Unfortunately, that resolve crumbled and the match degenerated into a brutal brawl with both wrestlers disqualified.

"See, he ain't no different than me," snorted Baker. Blackjack Mulligan had no comment. □

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LARRY ZBYSZKO

(Continued from Page 37)



A Sammartino Zbyszko battle cannot be restricted to the confines of an 18 foot ring. As the action carries outside Bruno slams Larry's head into the ring apron and then climbs back in.

avalanche of questions. "All in good time. Rest assured, Bruno Sammartino cannot escape this brilliant plan. It's too bad Sammartino let it come to this. Too bad. He should've let time run its natural course and let me take over. He was stubborn. Now he'll pay the price."

Zbyszko flung the towel across the room and turned his back, signaling the end of the interview. And the beginning of a diabolical plan.

Five days later, Larry Zbyszko and Dominic DeNucci signed a contract for a match to be held at Madison Square Garden.

So Dominic is taking on that bum, huh?" said Bruno, reading a press release detailing the match in his whitening fingers. "I think Zbyszko's plan is coming through. So he's going to fight my friends instead of me, huh? Doggone, that lousy coward. If

he wants a fight, why doesn't he take me on?"

The contours of Zbyszko's sinister, indeed, disgusting plot take shape. For the moment Zbyszko's given up wrestling Sammartino. For the moment. What Zbyszko hopes to accomplish is battering Bruno's friends, one by one, forcing Sammartino to either tolerate the inevitable demise of his friends, or leave wrestling which Zbyszko says will cause him to call off this new war.

"If Bruno will voluntarily retire and allow me my just place, I'll stop this attack. But if Bruno wants to stand by and watch me annihilate DeNucci, Rene Goulet, Pat Patterson, Bob Backlund, I'm prepared to follow this whole plan through to the end."

"Sammartino's soft, in the head and in the heart. He won't

stand by and watch a friend like DeNucci get knocked into the East River. And if I'm forced to destroy DeNucci, I want him to know there's no hard feelings. If Dominic wants to blame anyone, let him blame that boob Sammartino," said Zbyszko.

One item Zbyszko may have not counted on is DeNucci or



A weary Larry Zbyszko has had enough. Frustrated in his attempts to gain a sustained offensive, he simply departs for the dressing room.

Goulet knocking him into the East River.

That Zbyszko makes me laugh so hard I get sick to my stomach. Bruno said, "What does he think my friends can't defend themselves? Dominic DeNucci and Rene Goulet are two of the finest wrestlers around. Both are former co-holders of the tag team championship. Zbyszko better watch out or he'll find his head in someone's lap in the 10th row," said Bruno.

Zbyszko's plan incenses DeNucci.

"Let him try his monkey business," said Dominic. "I blast his head into a million little pieces."

For the final word...

"Wait and see," said Zbyszko. "This'll work. This plan marks the end of Bruno Sammartino, professional wrestler." □

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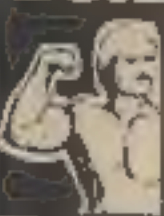
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THE INSIDER

(Continued from Page 27)

RUMOR VS. FACT

RUMOR: Abdullah the Butcher, accepting the challenge of a friend, fasted for a week, surviving on nothing but tree bark and vinegar water. Abdullah lost 40 pounds, and wants to join a Las Vegas chorus line.

FACT: We know Abdullah is capable of anything. And we've heard that his regular diet would make the average human being nauseous. But we've heard nothing about this tree

York. Who lives in Mount Vernon? That's right, Captain Louis Albano. C'mon, Lou. We know you hate Backlund. But that's a cheap shot. Who's the one that needs a shrink, Lou?

INJURY REPORT

MR. FLORIDA'S left eye was burnt by the cigar of rule-breaking manager Sir Oliver Humperdink and Super Destroyer!

We have been flooded by phone calls at the office, so I will



Colonel Sanders would not approve of the way Abdullah prepares his chicken (left). Mr. Florida is seeking revenge for the severely burned eye he suffered at the hands of Sir Oliver Humperdink and Super Destroyer (right).

bark and vinegar water diet.

Abdullah a chorus line dancer? Does Bo Derek have dishpan hands?

RUMOR: Arnold Skoaland, the manager of WWF champion Bob Backlund, has been seeing a psychiatrist for three years because he is certain that Backlund is going to attack him in his sleep.

FACT: Arnie, as we like to call him, is one of the straightest, happiest men we know. This ugly rumor, which has been circulating in the New York area (a newspaperboy was the first to tell me about it), has been traced to Mount Vernon, New

gladly report that the managing editor of this magazine, BILL APTER, is fully recovered from an injury he sustained in Atlanta. Covering the Harley Race-Austin Idol NWA title match, Apter was inadvertently kicked in the shoulder by Race.

"No hard feelings," said Bill. "I'm pretty sure it was an accident."

We appreciate the cards and letters that have been coming in. Bill is a little humble, so I'd like to thank all the fans for him. Hang in there, Billy. We all love ya.

That's it for this month. Catch you later. □



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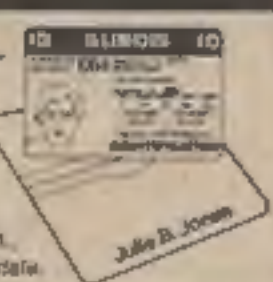
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BODYSLAM & PINFALLS

(Continued from Page 10)



to understand the unique pleasures of tag team wrestling. Sooner or later, a few fans will get to admire the Samons. A few at a time is perhaps all one can hope for.

Fortunately, neither the Samoans nor Albano need the fans to wrestle at their best. Like all great athletes, all the applause they demand comes from themselves. It is the action, not the appreciation, that's important.

"Look, I'm human," Lou Albano says, "and I'd love it if people cheered for me. I know I'm doing important things. I want the credit for them. However, it's more important to do things my way than to grovel for applause. That's a decision I made a long time ago. Inside, I know that in 50 years I'll be more famous than any wrestler of my time. I'll be the creator of a whole new style of wrestling. I know I'll be in the Hall of Fame."

"The Samoans are special. I know I say this about every one of my

Ivan Putski and Tito Santana were unworthy of the praise that the fans and press gave him, according to Shocket.

championship teams, but they do keep getting better. It's almost inhuman how well they work together. At times, I think they communicate by extra-sensory perception. It's almost eerie.

"What's great about the Samoans is how well they adapt to new strategies. I can do anything I want with them. Maneuvers that require speed, strength, intelligence are all within their abilities. They're the best wrestlers I've ever found. They put absolutely no limits on my genius."

"The Samoans will keep the title for as long as it interests them. If they ever lose, it'll be because the quality of competition is so bad that they're bored. It's happened before. How do you think Putski and Santana became champs in the first place."

Well fans, keep those cards and letters coming in. That is, unless you have nothing to say

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ONE ON ONE

(Continued from Page 47)



Pat Patterson's foot remains draped across the bottom rope after being pinned by Ken Patera (above). Patterson claims that his foot was on the ropes when the referee made the count. Pat drives Patera through the ropes (below).





Ken Patera displays his newly-won Inter-Continental belt as the crowd voices its disapproval.

champion. I decide who makes rules. You don't pay your WWF officials enough money for them to strip me of the belt. Even if you got extra funding from fat-boy Skoaland or whole-wheat brain Backlund, you still couldn't get the belt because you'd have to physically take it off my waist. And between all of you, there's not one ounce of guts.

PP: Name the date.

KP: For what?

PP: A rematch.

KP: When I decide.

PP: You'll decide now.

KP: When I'm ready.

PP: I'm calling you out.

KP: That's funny. You'll have to wait in line. I think the top challengers should get first crack.

PP: I am the top challenger.

KP: You're a prelim bum, nothing more. You got lucky one night, won the belt and used all your title winnings to pay off the refs to allow you to hold the belt. Well, moron, you miscalculated this time. You can cry all you want. I'm calling the shots.

PP: You'll regret that statement until the day you die.

KP: Words, words, words. (Laughs)

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